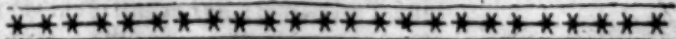
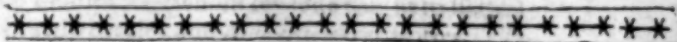




THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MVSTAPHA.



LONDON

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M. V. STAPHA.



London

Printed for W. & A. G. & Co.

THE
TRAGEDY OF
MVSTAPHA.

Solyman. Rossa.

Soly.

Rossa, the Eternall Wisedome doth not couer
Of man his strength, or reason, but his Loue;
And not in vayne; for loue of all the powers,
Is it which gouernes all things which are ours.

I speake by *Mustapha*, for as a father,
How often thought I those light iudging praises
Of multitudes, (whom my loue taught to flatter)
Trueths oracles, and *Mustaphas* true stories;
So deare are Ecchoes of our owne thoughts voices;
So dearely nature bids her owne beloued,
So ill a Iudge is Loue of her beloued,
But let vs see, if loue should not be blind,
Forgetting selfe-respects to foster kind:
The praised Phoenix (neuer more then one)
Burneth; 'tis true, that she her like may breed,
But neuer till she feeles all life is gone,
Except the life that life hath in her seeds,
Then death, which kindnesse is by estimation,
In her is but delight of Procreation.
But be it loue, man hath another guide,
The Orbe of his affection Reason is,
But his loue Center's in his private brest,
And louing his, himselfe still loueth best.
Since *Mustapha* will therefore die or kill;
I gaue him life, and give him death I will.

Rossa. Solyman my Lo: knowledge who was father
To *Mustapha*, made me poore silly woman
Thinke Nature could not her owne nest defile:

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

But now I see Impollure passion may
The gold of Natures ——— betray
And pardon Lo: if you were out of danger,
And all these stormes blowne vp, to blow me ouer,
Feare first should fall, threates strike, life perish,
Fortune about her wheele, should turne my fortune,
Ere I would doubt the child, and know the father.
But you Sir, now that you are brought in question,
You, vpon whome the worlds wel-being resteth,
Much better were it, I were in the Center,
A Ghost among the dead, Aire neaer bodied,
Then my selfe-pitty womanish compassion,
My loue vnto the children, for the father
Should giue the children leaue to kill their father;
His fame vntimely borne, strength strangely gathered,
Honour wonne with honouring, Greatnesse with humblenesse
Fault-lesnesse with bearing faults, and want rewarding,
Liberty seeking Loue, and danger praise,
A Monarkes Heire in courtes popular,
Make me diuine some strange aspiring mind,
Yet doubtfull, for it may be Art or kind:
But iudge him with himselfe, and that by fact,
Persia our old imbrued enemy,
Treates mariage with the sonne without the father;
A course in all Estates to Princes doubtfull;
But here much more; where he that Monarke is,
Must (like the Sunne) haue no light shene but his;
The dowry what? kingdomes, and hope of kingdomes,
What sudaine knot hath bound vp these designs?
Made them that onely fear'd our greater growing,
Study deuises for our greater growing,
A giddy thought may change a priuate heart,
But States whose loues and hearts by counsell grow,
Whose wisdomes are, Occasion, Time and Seate,
Haue other ends then chance in all they treat:
Yet be it all the world will vs obey,
And vnder ours all Empires Empire lay,
All great Estates surfet more oft then pine,

Because

Because desires still multiply with might,
And parted power makes danger infinite.
No, no, vpon the pitch of high Attempt
I see him stand, playing with wrong and feare;
For Loue and Duty they be captiues there:
His hopes, the hopes of all, for all aspire:
And as Kings ruling, must vse payne and law,
So those that rise, must make the people see
With present bondage, future libertie.
Loue therefore stand aside, and fare well Pity:
Mustapha be cleare of fault, for Kingdoms wrong
Turnes all the powers of Nature into fury,
Mercy ioyes to be cruell, Truth is a tyrant,
Loue hates, Hate in reuenge doth glory,
The fall of Angels made not Heauen sorie.
Solyman, feare is broke loose within my spirite;
What will or may be, seemes already happens:
His power thus great, well fixt, occasion ready,
Shadowes of ruyne to my heart deliuer.
Confused noise within my eares doth thunder,
Of multitudes, that with obeying threaten.
Solyman, feare of thee makes me wish for death,
And feare againe to leaue thee, feareth death.

Soly. Rossa, I scorne there should be cause of feare
In one mans rage: for hard then were our State,
That reynes of all the worlds desire beare:
But thy disquiet shall increase my hate;
Thy wishes, vaine to thee yet neuer were,
Exempt thou art from lawes of my Estate,
For Loue and Empyre both alike haue pleasure,
Part of themselues vpon desires to measure,
And but that all my ioyes beare sorrowes Image,
My hopes resemble feare, my wit confusion,
Nature me thinks her selfe, becomes a Monster,
And that euen *Mustapha* makes all this Chaos,
I could say I tooke pride in thy affection,
For Power may be feared, Empire obeyed,
Good fortune wooed, and followed for ambition;

The Tragedie of Othello
Reward makes knees to bow, makes selfe-love humble;
Honor, whose throane is vnder Princes scepter,
May make aspiring thoughts delight in danger;
But Loue is onely that which Princes couet,
And for they haue it least, they most doe loue it;
Care therefore for thy selfe, I hold thee deare;
And as for me,
Though Fortune be of glasse and easily broken,
Yet, doubt not, my Armor is, against their spite:
And such all-daring spirits are sildome borne,
That vpon Princes graues dare sow their corne.

Ross. Sir, few in number are Times present children,
Where man ends, there ends discontentments empire,
Nouelty hath alwayes had a fleshly dwelling.
Then tell me Lord, what man would choose his roome,
That must expect in wickednes a meane,
Or else be sure to find a fatall doome?
Can that stay in the midst, whose center's lowest?
Old age is natures pouerty, and scorne:
Desires riches liues in Princes children,
Their youths are Comets, within whose corruption,
Men prophecy new hope of better fortune.
Basazeth shoves no man turnes from a Kingdome,
For humblenes to aske his fathers blessing:
Nature corrupted is; and wit preferreth

The wisdome that for selfe-advantage erreth;
Solym. Wisdome is not vnto her selfe indebted,
That leaueth nothing but a God above her.

Ross. Sir, wickednes is forc'd that modest is,
He flatters that allowes her not be cruell.

Solym. Is there returne from death vnto the living?
Ross. No Sir, but much may hap before his death;
Who thinking nothing worse, and nothing after
Knowes, thought of wrong is death, if Princes liue,
Where dead, all heires their owne guilt doe forgieue.

Solym. I sent, he com's, and come is in my power.

Ross. Before he comes, who knowes your fatall houre,
The wicked wrastle both with power and flight,

While

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

While Princes liue, each mans life gardeth theirs,
When they are dead, mens loues goe with their feares;
Slaine by the way, least grudge most safely were.

Solym. Wrong is not princely, and much lesse is feare.

Ross. Those glorious hazards tempt and hasten fate,
They well become a man but not a State.

Solym. This feare in women shewes a kindnes too,
And is for men to thanke, but not to doe.

Ross. We call them great hearts, which God hartens so
That feare shall not fore-see their overthrow.

Solym. Those are weake hearts, that while their feares they see
Would ruine all men, lest they ruinde be,
I do suspect, yet there is nothing done,
I loose my fame, if so I kill my soune.

Ross. The Gods when they leaue men to beasts a pray,
His reason with his pride they do betray.

Solym. Gods medle not where power and will agree,
But when at once, men good and euill be,
Though I yet know not he hath done amisse,
I doubt; and heauy Princes doubting is,
Though I resolue, I will not kill him there,
It mortall is, when Kings do say they feare.

ACTVS II. SCENA II.

Belshazy, Numiur, Solymen, Rossa.

Beliar. Fond man distraught with diuers thoughts on foot,
That rack'st thy selfe, and Natures peace do'st breake,
Iudge not the Gods aboue; It doth not boote,
Nor do thou see, that which thou dar'st not speake.
Power hath great scope; not in the private waies
Of truth she walkes; vertues of common men
Are not the same which shine in Kings aboue,
And do make feare bring forth the fruites of loue.
Admit that *Mustapha* not guilty be;
Who by his Prince will rise, his Prince must please,
And they that please, iudge with humility.

Knowledge.

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Knowledge a burden is, obedience ease,
Who loues good name, is free to follow it,
Who seekes King: loues, he must their humors fit,
When owners doe resolue to overthrow,
The stately oke for gaine, or clearer sight,
Who loues the shadow, with the fall seekes wo;
When others gather wood, and go vpright,
Like wheelles of wood, or rather like dead loggs.
With other sinnowes drawne, and lead about,
Admit Kings be; yet all men see not all;
Who rockes with chaines will moue, from whence they sit,
Must spend their force to draw themselves to it,
Yonder they are, whose charge must be discharged
In *Rossas* face; me thinkes desire speaketh,
He keepes the lawes, that all lawes forme breaketh.

Solym. *Rossa*, you now shall know feare is a coward,
Sworne to mistrust her selfe, to worship power,
Tyrant to man that should rule, and obeyeth,
And tyrant-like betrayed, or betrayeth.
Is *Mustapha* in health and comming?

Belyar. My Lord already come: for what can stay,
Where loue and duty both reach to obey.

Solym. Go rest, hereafter you shall know our pleasure.

Rossa; our Patriarke saw the heauens open,
And in their throne this wisdom there appear'd,
A virgin, by Eternities hand sitting,
In beauties of the earth and heauen clothed,
Containing in her shape, all shapes and fauours;
And in her life, the life of liuing creatures,
Still one, and neuer one, mortall and yet immortall:
A Chaos both of Reason, Sence and Passion,
Working in plants onely to grow and fade,
To pleasure others both with fruit and shade;
In beasts both life and sence created she,
And but desire, to no law bound they be;
When man she made, and this same sparke diuine;
Reason infused in him, that onely he
In time might diuers from the Angels be.

Then

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Then least this spright, free-denizend on earth
Should of the world take pride, and so forget
That vnto vs it but in lease is lett
She doth within the body where it liues
Place life and senses, drawn from beasts and plants,
To warre with Reason, and shew what it wants.
And if beliefe, the life of true Religion,
Could not giue credite to this Reuelation,
Euen feeling, which giues life to good beliefe,
Within my selfe, makes my selfe an example.
Mustapha is come, and by his comming
Hath glutted my desire, and of his comming
Hath made me doubt, my doubts suspect my malice,
Nature against my ielousie ariseth
Feare of ill doing, threatens feare of suffering:
Worth assures greatnes, greatnes brings worth in question;
Truth is (me thinks) both with him and against him;
And as for Reason, that should rule these passions,
I finde her so effeminate a power,
As she bids kill, to saue; bids saue, and doubt not;
Keeping my loue and feare in equall ballance,
That I with Reason, may thinke Reason is
A glasse to shew, not helpe what Reason is.
Thus like the corne vpon the weake stalke growing
I bow my head, with euery breath of wether:
And *Mustapha*, that now I would haue slaine,
I now resolute giue him life againe.

Rossa. Sir, nature doth not disclaime her right in monsters,
Which are but errors in her expectation,
Nature with loue doth steale the hearts of fathers;
Her end is to make all her makings perfect:
But Steele hath rust, Time change, and Nature error,
No maruel then, though *Mustapha* in Nature
Be found as well as Lucifer in Heauen.
Let not these childrens sticks, gilt to the show,
Make you forget that wormes in them may grow,
Remember, what true grounds of his Ambition,
Made you resolute, his greatnes was your danger:

The Tragedie of Aluſapha.

And ſhall ſelfe-fondneſſe put out juſt ſuſpition?
Conceit muſt not be guide of Loue or Anger;
For miſchiefe while her head ſhewes in the clouds,
In *Platoes* Kingdome ſhe her body throwds:
Lay hands on him, your feare may worke your woe,
From wrong there is no other way to goe.

Solym. How ſhould I thinke my Sonne doth ſeek my blood?

Roffa. By being ſafe, doubt onely is withſtood.

Soly. Can Kings be ſafe from wrongs, that wrongs ſhal doe?
And wrong it is, in things not knowne, or done,
For any Father to deſtroy his Sonne.

Kings looſe their Crownes that oft doe loue or feare,
More then the Crownes, that they themſelues doe weare,
VWhat Kings doe thinke, another man may doe,
An other man may thinke, and doe it too.

Solym. Power headlong is, Kings wrath like thunder blaſts
Doth feare the world, and that it hits, it waſts;
It cannot touch but it muſt ouerthrow.
Where Kings doe let their power rule their wit,
Better vnmade, then doe amiſſe with it.

Roffa. But he that with his wit can rule his wit,
Doth iudge and meſure where his power ſhall light,
Thunder, becauſe it ruin'ſ if it hit,
The Gods themſelues haue power ouer it.

Solym. So, for that Kings haue power of all below,
Their wrath muſt not before their knowledge goe.

Roffa. Heauen may be ſlow where all at once is knowne,
In Man, where, till they fall, Faults may be found,
VWhile doubt is curious, Helpe is ouerthrowne.

Solym. They doe againſt themſelues, that doubt and doe.

Roffa. Who doubt againſt themſelues, doe danger wooe.

Solym. Arguments of doubt, accuſed him to mee;
And Arguments of loue doe ſet him free.

Roff. My Lord, your doubt from arguments did riſe
Of wanton Greatneſſe, Ambitious-ſeeking loue;
Good Nature is not natured to be wiſe,
If doubt with cauſe, without cauſe it remoue.

Solym. Suſpicion is but onely tryals ground,

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Fame is like breath breath'd from the inward part.

Rossa. Where it is death to thinke or to conspire,
There Kings may kill before they doe enquire.
Where Kings but onely for themselves doe feare,
Both strength and honor is it to forbear;
I am no more, vntill more I doe heare.

Chorus Sacerdotum.

O wearisome condition of humanity,
Borne vnder one law, to an other bound,
Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sicke, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diuers lawes?
Passion and Reason. selfe-division cause:
It is the marke, or maiesty of Power,
To make offences that it may forgine:
Nature her selfe, doth her owne selfe deflower,
To hate those errors she her-selfe doth giue.
For how should man thinke, that he may not doe,
If Nature did not faile and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to her selfe vniust,
Onely commands things difficult and hard,
Forbids vs all things, which it knowes is iust,
Makes easie paines, vnpossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would haue made more easie waies to good.
We that are bound by vowes, and by promotion,
With pompe of holy Sacrifice and rights,
To teach beleefe in good and still deuotion,
To preach of Heauens wonders and delights:
Yet, when each of vs, in his owne heart lookes,
He finds the God there, farre vnlike his bookes.

The Tragedie of Massapha.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Camena alone,

They that from youth do sucke at Fortunes brest,
And nurse their empty heart with seeking higher,
Like dropsie fed their thirst, do neuer rest,
For still begetting, they beget desires;
And thoughts like wood, while they maintaine the flame
Of high desires, grow ashes in the same:
But Vertue, those that can behold thy beauties,
Those that sucke from their youth the milke of goodnes,
Their mindes grow strong against the stormes of fortune,
Like rockes in seas; which in the goodly weather,
Giue rest to birds, that in their courtes wander,
And in the stormes stand fast, themselves vnshaken,
Though ruines oft vnto desire mistaken.
O vertue! whose thrall I thinke fortune,
Thou who despisest not the sexe of women
Helpe, and out of the riddles of any fortune,
Whereon (me thinkes) you with your selte depose me;
Let Fate goe on, sweet vertue doe not loose me,
My mother and my husband haue conspired
For brothers good the ruine of my brother,
My father by my mother is inspired
For one child to seeke the ruine of the other.
I that to helpe by nature am required,
While I do helpe must needs still hurt a brother,
While I see who conspires, I seeme conspired
Against a husband, father and a mother.
Truth bids me runne, by truth I am retired,
Shame leades me both the one way and the other:
With danger and dishonour I am hired
To doe against a husband and a mother:
In what a labyrinth is honour cast,
Drawne diuers waies with Sexe, with Time and State,
In all which, errors course is infinite,
By hope by feare, by spite, by loue, by hate;

And

The Tragedie of Mustapha

And but one onely way vnto the right:
A thorny way, where payne must be the guide,
Danger the light, offence of power, the praile;
Such are the golden hopes of Iron daies.
Yet, honor, I am thine; for thy sake sorry,
Since base hearts, for their base ill-plac'd desires,
In shame, in danger, death and torments glory,
That I cannot with more paynes write thy story,
And Fortune, if thou scorn'st those that scorne thee;
Shame if thou doe hate those, that force thy trumpet
To sound aloud, and yet despise thy soundings;
Lawes, if you loue not those that be examples
Of natures lawes, whence you are fallen corrupted,
Conspire, that I against you all conspired,
Ioyned with tyrant vertue (as you call her.)
That I, by your reuenges may be named
For vertue to be ruin'd and defamed.
My mother oft and diuersly I warned
What fortunes were vpon such courses builded,
That Fortune still might be with child with mischief,
Which is both borne and nourisht out of mischief:
I told her, that euen as the silly Dove
Seeld vp with her owne lids, to seeke the light,
Still coueteth vnto the heights aboue,
Till fallen, she feeles, the lacke was in her sight,
So man, benighted with his owne selfe-loue,
Still creepeth to the rude imbracing night
Of Princes grace, a lease of glories let,
Which shining, burnes, breeds Syrens, where it's set.
And by this creature of my mothers making,
This messenger, I *Mustapha* haue warned,
That Innocence is not enough to saue
Where good and greatnesse feare and enuy haue.
Till now, in reuerence I haue forborne
To aske, or to presume to gesse or know
My fathers thoughts, whereof he might thinke scorne:
For dreadful is that State; which all may doe.
Yet they that all men feare, are fearefull too.

The Tragedie of Massapha.

Loe where he comes, Vertue worke thou in me,
That what thou seekest, may accomplisht be.

ACTVS II. SCENA II.

Solyman and Camena.

Soly. Vilde death, is not thy selfe sufficient anguish,
But thou must borrow feares, the threatenng glasse,
Which while it goodnes hides, and mischief shewes,
It lightens wit, to honors ouerthrow.

But husht, me thinkes away *Camena* steales,
Murther belike in me her selfe reueales,
Camena whicher now? why haste you from me?

Is it so strange a thing to be a father?

Cam. My Lord, me thought, nay sure I saw you busie,
Your child vncald presumes, that comes to you.

Soly. Who may presume with fathers, but their owne?
Whome Natures law hath euer in protection,
And guides in good beliefe of deare affection,
To make it greater, and the better known.

Cam. Nay, reuerence childrens worthes do closest hide,
As of the Father it is least espied.

Soly. I thinke, who euer know the ir children least
Haue greatest reason for to loue them best.

Cam. How so my Lord? since loue doth knowledge shew,
And Babes their parents by their kindnes know.

Soly. The life we gaue them, they do soone forget,
While they thinke our liues do their fortunes let.

Cam. The Father sees his image in the sonne,

Soly. But streames backe to their springs, do neuer ruone.

Cam. Pardon my Lord, doubt is successions throw,
Let not her spight poore children ouerthrow;
Though streames from springs do seeme to runne away,
Tis Nature leades them to their mother Sea.

Sol. Doth nature teach vs by the Fathers death
To seeke his throne, by whome we haue our breath?

Cam. Things easie, to desire, do seeme impossible.

Why

Why should feare make impossibles seeme easie?

Solym. Monsters yes be, and being are beleueed.

Cam. Monsters not seene, are monstrously beleueed.

Pardon me Sir, if duty doe seeme angry;

I am your child; these common blots of children,

Doe reach indeed, I do not know how neere me,

Solym. Neere thee indeed, for you had both one Father.

Cam. My gracious Lord, if you were not my Father;

Nature would much repine at such a stain;

But Sir, by that you owe me as a father,

Thinke well of them, wherein your selfe remaine;

Borrow not ialousie of Princes state,

To warrant you, that you may children hate.

Solym. *Mustapha* is even he, that thus hath stained

Nature with blood, and loue with bloody malice;

He thought it long, that I thus long haue reigned;

He that at once deu'd, that all at once should die;

Roslen and *Rossa*, *Zanger*, thou and I.

Cam. Far be it off, that this should be found true,

Can hope of all the world be thus deceiu'd?

Sweet *Mustapha* doth Nature lie in you?

Sir, these be Greatnes mists; be not deceiu'd;

For Kings hate in their fearesull waining state,

And easily doubt, and what they doubt, they hate.

Then Parasites that haunt their Princes Grace

Know, deprauation hath a pleasing face.

Soly. Camena, thy soft youth that knowes not ill,

Whose Aprill thoughts yeeldes showres of sweet good will,

Cannot beleue the Elder, when they say,

That good beliefe, is greatest States decay:

Wisedome was neuer borne before her time;

Mans wit and nature, youths Horizon are;

Perchance experience vnto more may clime,

Let it suffice, that I and *Rossa* too,

Are priuy what your brother meanes to doe;

Cam. O pardon me (dread Sir) and as a Father,

What I shall say, speaking it of a mother,

Know I do say it but to right a brother.

The euill Angel of good will is feare,
Whose many eyes whilst but it selfe they see,
Each one to other formes of ruine bee:
Out of this feare she *Mustapha* accused,
Vnto this feare (perchance) she ioynes the loue
Which doth in mothers for their children moue.
Perhaps, when feare hath shewne how yours must fall;
In loue she sees, how hers must rise withall.
Sir, feare and frailty haue, and may haue grace,
And our care of your good may not be blamed,
Care of our owne in Nature hath a place,
Passions haue oft mistaken and misnamed,
Yet God forbid, that either feate or care,
Should ruine those that true and faithfull are.

Soly. Is it no fault, or fault I may forgive?
For sonne to seeke the father should not liue.

Cam. Is it a fault, or fault for you to know?
My mother doubts a thing that is not so:
O strange vnhappines of highest roome,
Which thinking opposition derogates
From Maiesty, they ioy to overcome
The truth with selfe-loue, teaching flattery,
How to impostume power with proud accesse:
But pardon me my Lord, admit it so,
That *Mustapha* in wanton youthes conceit,
Had wandred from the course he ought to goe;
Yet thinke what frailty is, and what the baite,
For priuate men, which here below obey,
Beholding outward pompe of Maiesty,
And vnacquainted with Kings inward care,
Like Satyres thinke the fire, as sweet as faire,
And burne with grasping their beloued aire:
But Sir, the Gods whome Kings should imitate,
Haue plac'd you high, to rule, not ouerthrow,
For as, not for your selues is your estate,
Mercy must hand in hand with power goe.
Your sword should not strike with the arme of feare,
Which sadoms all mens imbecillitie.

And mischief doth, least it should mischief beare,
As reason deales within with frailty,
Which kils not passions that rebellious are,
But addes, subtraicts: keepe downe ambitious spirits
With hard examples: no, with truth and care,
So must power warne, and threaten ere it light.
A point there is, whereat each heart must stay,
All men may couet all, few all can doe;
The worst and best, are both like heard, and care
For flesh and blood, themeanes twixt heauen and hell,
To these extremes extremely packed are.
Martyrs few men can be, euen for the good,
As few can scale their mischief with their blood,
The Princes wisdom, and his office this,
To see from whence, how farre each one can moue,
To What, whateach mans God and Deuill is,
Iudging and handling frailty with loue:
For ignorance begetteth cruelty,
Misthinking each man, euery thing can be;
The best may fall, the worst that is may mend,
You hedge in time, and doe prescribe to God
Where safety, nor amendment you intend,
The last of all corrections, is the rodde,
And Kings that circle in themselves with death,
Poyson the aire wherein they take their breath;
Pardon my Lord, pitty becomes my sexe,
And if I speake this from the common sense,
Tis natures truth, it pleades her owne defence.

Solym. If what were best for them that doe offend
Lawes did enquire, the answer must be grace;
If mercy be so large, wher's Iustice place?

Cam. Where loue dispaire, & where Gods power hath end,
For mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety vnto them, that saue with it;
Borne out of God, and vnto humane eyes
Like God, not scene, till fleshly passion dies.

Solym. God may forgie, whose being, and whose harmes
Are farre remou'd from reach of fleshly armes,

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

But if God equals or successors had,
Euen God of safe reuenges would be glad.

Cam. Who knowes it made a Lambe, what he would be,
Much lesse his flesh of heavenly counsels free.
While he is yet aliuie he may be slaine,
But from the dead no flesh comes backe againe,

Solym. While he remaines aliuie, I liue in feare.

Cam. Though he were dead that doubt still liuing were.

Solym. None hath the power to end what he begunne.

Cam. The same occasion followes euery Sonne.

Solym. Their greatnesse, or their worth is not so much.

Cam. And shall the best be slaine for being such.

Solym. Thy mother, and thy brother be amisse,
I am betrayed, and one of them it is.

Cam. My Mother (if thee erre's) erre's vertuouly,
And let her erre, e're *Mustapha* should die.
Kings for their safetie must not blame mistrust,
Nor for surmise must Kings destroy the iust.

Solym. Well deare *Camena*, keepe this secretly,
I will be well aduis'd before he die.

ACTVS II. SCENA III.

Rossa. Rossen.

Rossa O werisome obedience, I despise thee;
Must I in vaine be *Mustaphas* accuser?
Sands shalbe numbred first, Time shalbe constant,
The Sea shall yeeld his channell to the fire,
The Earth shall beare the Heauen within his Center,
Eternitie shall die, Nature be idle.
E're my delights or will shall stand in awe
Of God or Nature, common peoples lawe.

Rosse. Rossa, what meaneth this vnquiet motion?
Gouerne your thoughts: what want you to content you
Thathauē the King of Kings at your deuotion?

Rossa. Content? poore wit and poore promotion,
The helme of princes greatnesse is their will,

Say

Say you that I haue all at my deuotion,
That for my feare of Prince, and Princes ill,
Am brought in question, both of state and fame,
Must loose my will, and cannot loose my shame?
What night? what cloudes? what shades of soules condemned?
What darknes in the gulph of darkenes?
So darke are fathers thoughts, with kindnes blinded.
What lightnings flash from cloudes with child with fire?
As thoughes posselt alike with feare and kindnes:
Mustapha long since condemn'd to die,
Now liues againe,

To boast of mariage, what true ground haue I?
The streames are choakt of *Solymens* affection,
Where Fortune did of old, make her election.

Roslen. Thinke not too much, for thoughts that be offended
Are seldome with their present counsailes mended.

Rossa From Heaven to earth I will leaue nothing
Vnthought, vnought for, or not vnderaken:
Vertue, nor vice shall in themselves haue nothing;
Auernus bottoms shall not be forsaken,
Rather then my Lords loue shall growe to nothing:
Vertue is cold, nor fit to be beloued,
That with the losse of Fortune is not moued.

Roslen. Vertue leades not herselfe for hope or feare,
Vnquiet rage doth misaduenture fashion
Nothing at all, it weakenesse is to beare;
Passion shall multiply more cause of passion:

Rossa, take heed, Honour is very brittle,
And broken once, neuer to be repaired,
And honour lost, mankind hath lost his fashion;
Honour and shame are slaues to them that prosper,

Ross. One signe that humaine worth with power is raised,
Is, that Kings do to make their doings praised.

Roslen. Who forceth man, is fear'd, but not beloued,
Praises of feare are tyrannous dispraises.

Rossa. Praises for feare do shew that we are great,
Who seeke for loue, and may commaund a feare,
Are sitter to clime vp, then tarry there.

I whome most men haue thought haue ruled all,
And with my Lord, his ruine vndertaken,
Now liue in this life, to behold my fall:
Our credit with our Soueraigne is our honor,
And ere thou suffer that to haue despight,
Thinke Innocencie harme, vertue dishonour:
Wound truth, and ouerthrow the state of right.
Sexes haue vertues apart, States haue there fashions
The vertues of authority are passions,
But stay; looke where our messenger returneth.

ACT. II. SCENA. IIII.

Rossa, Roften, Belyarby Nuntius.

Beliar. *Rossa* and *Roften* while you stand debating,
The ioyes are fortunes of your private fortune.

Rossa. *Roften* make halte, goe hence, and carrie with thee
My life, my fame, desire and my fortune.
You vgly Angels of infernall Kingdome,
You spirits resolute to dwell in darknesse,
You who haue vertuously maintain'd your being
In equall power, like riuals to the heauens:
If as they say (who say it for reproch)
You are at hand to those that on you call,
Refusing none but such as doe refuse you,
Reuenge your selues of this false title, vertue:
This vertue which hath sildome beene assailed
By you; but she hath still her seruants failed:
My shame, my feare, my loue I offer to you,
Let me raigne while I liue, in my desires,
Or dead, liue with you in eternall fires.

Rossa, doing, not praying merits heauen or hell;
Mischiefs doe rise, and set themselves against thee,
Misfortune hath euen now conspired thy ruine;
Intreat no enemies, for they forgiue not,
But humble thou thy selfe vnto the heauens.
I feare to tell, I tremble to conceale it,

Thy

Thy blood euen with thy destiny is infected,
I would, yet would I not, I durst reuende it,
Fortune, vnto the death is then displeased,
When remedies doe ruine her disealed.

Ross. Vse not these paraboles of coward feare,
Feare hurts lesse when it strikes; then whenic threatens,
If *Mustapha* shall liue, all feare is fallen,
Danger lighted, desire lost, hope banisht;
If *Mustapha* shall die, then feare from hope,
Losse from desire, danger and paine are vanisht.

Bel. If *Mustapha* shall die, his death miscarries
Part of thy End, thy Fame, thy Friends, thy Loyes,
No man to hurt his foes, his friends destroyes.

Ross. Friends? who are they, but those that serue desire:
My Gods, my Friends, my Father and my Mother
Are but those steps, that helpe me to aspire.
Duty and loue tooke knowledge of no other;
Let me and all the world with him be slaine,
I will not wish to be aliuie againe.
But tell what is the worst.

Bel. Aske not in rage, rage brings it selfe to woe.
Vnlesse the wings whereon it flies be slow.

Ross. I charge you tell me, how I am fortune-bound,
That if I harme him, I my selfe confound.

Bel. *Camena* must with him a traytor be,
Or *Mustapha* for her sake must be free.

Ross. O cruell Fates, that doe in loue plant woe,
And in delight make our despaires to grow:
But speake, what hath she done?

Bel. Vndone thy doings,
Discovered vnto *Mustapha* his danger,
Vertues sweete flame with loue of mercy wooings,
And great suspitions from these relicks grow,
That what she knowes, both Sonne and Father know.
I that am yours, durst not make you a stranger,
And yet was loth with duty to offend,
In childrens faults, a mothers wisdom shewes.
Loues perfect tryall is in flame of anger,

The Tragedy of Othello
Malice to *Mustapha* must be forgot,
That your belou'd *Camena* perish not.

Rossa. Nay, pale *Anurnus* I doe so adore thee,
As I lament my wombe hath bin so barren,
To yeeld but one to offer vp before thee:
Who thinks the daughter harme, can mother slay
From end, whercon a mothers heart is set,
Knowes not wisdom, wickednesse beget:
Boldnesse in malice dazels humane reason.
Camena thy false blood shall doe me right.

Bel. *Rossa*, is rage so mad, as to imagine
It masters heauen?

Ross. Is rage so mad,
As it will stay reuenge to hope for heauen?
Where ages are but houres.

Bel. Is wrath so cruell?
Are lawes of loue so soone forgotten?
Is mercy dead?

Ross. Would you haue wrath so foolish
As it should stay vntill it be abused?
Is Nature vnder such fond lawes begotten,
As Loue must giue it selfe to be abused?

Bel. Yet by the Loue of mothers to their children,
By all the paines of travell with your children,
Punish, but spare the life of faulty children.
Life may amend and well deceiue an other,
Death doth but cut off one, to warne an other.

Ross. I doe protest before you spirits infernall,
That gouerne in your darknes vniform'd,
By all your plagues and miseries eternall,
By all your vgly shapes, and foules transform'd,
Neither to haue bin made a heauenly Angell,
Honour'd aloue, and after this life famous,
Would I loue of my children haue disclaym'd:
But since by her my life is brought in question,
Since she is out of daughters duty gotten,
My mothers tender care shall be forgotten,
They still that haue good will to kill, or perish,

And

The Tragedie of Massapha.

And they do erre that others errour cherish;
Camana, then since thy desires would make
Thy mothers harme examples of thy glory,
Since thou do'st leaue me for a brothers sake,
Since thy heart feelles not what makes others sorry,
Thy triumphe shall bee death, thy glory shame,
For so die they that wrong a mothers name;
Thy treasures with thine owne arts are discarded;
I will do something nor to be forgotten,
The giuers of examples are regarded.

CHORVS.

ACT. III. SCENA. I.

Achmat alone.

Achmat, Who standing in the shade of humble valleys,
Lookes vp and wonders at the height of hills,
When he with toyle of weary lims ascends,
And feelles his spirits melt with *Phabus* glaies,
Or sinewes starke with *Eolus* bitter breathing.
Or thunder blasts, which comming from the skie,
Do fall most heauy on the places high:
Then knowes (though further scene, and further seeing,)
They multiply in woes that adde in glories,
Who weary is of natures quiet valleys,
A meane estate with chaste and poure desires,
Whose vertue longs for knees (blisse for opinion).
Who iudgeth pleasure, paradise in purple,
Let him seeme no gouernor of Castle,
No, pittie princes choise, whose weake dominions,
Make weake vnnoble counells to be currant;
But *Basha* vnto *Solyman*, whose scepter,
Nay seruants haue dominion ouer Princes,
Vnder whose feet the foure forgotten Monarches,

Then

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

The foote-stoolles lie of his eternall glory
Euen I thus raised: this *Solyman* beloued,
Thus caried vp by fortune to be tempted,
Must for my Princes sake destroy succession,
Or suffer ruine to preferue succession,
O wretched state of ours wherein we liue,
Where doubt giues loues, which nature can forgieue.
Where rage of Kings, not onely ruine be,
But where their very loue brings miserie:
Most happie men that know not, or else feare
The slipperie second place of honours steppe,
Which we with enuie get, and danger keepe:
Bat Kings, whome strength of heart did first aduance,
Be sure what rais'd you first, keepes you aboue;
Man subiect made himselfe, it was not chance,
Loue treateth trueth, and Ll. rule the world with feare & loue,
Iustice not kindnesse reuerence doth inhaunce,
For subiects to your selues when you descend,
To doate on Subiects Maiestie hath end.
Here as in weaknesse, flatterie prints her hart,
And priuate spight dare vse a Princes hand,
He error enters, trueth and right depart,
And Princes scorne the newes from hand to hand.
As *Rossa* prints her selfe in our Lords loue,
And with her mischiefe doeth his malice moue:
First of her selfe shee durst send *Rossen* forth
To murder *Solyman* his dearest sonne,
He found him onely garded with his worth,
Suspecting nothing and yet nothing done.
Rossen is now return'd; for wicked feare
Did euen make him wickednesse for Deare.
A Beliarby dispatch, is sent to call him hither,
With colour of a warre against the Persian,
Indeede to suffer force of tyrannie,
From his inforced Fathers ieaousie.
Who vtters this is to his Prince a traitour,
Who keepes this guiltie is, his life is ruth,
And dying liues, euer denying truth.

Thus

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Thus hath the fancy-law of Kings ordained,
That who betrayses them most, is most esteemed,
Who saith they are betrayed is traytor deemed,
I sworne am to my king, and to his humor,
His humor? No, which they that follow most
Wade in the sea wherein themselves are lost,
But *Acmar*, stay; who wrests his princes mind
Presents his faith vpon the stage of chance,
Where vertue to the world, fortune vnknowne
Is oft misjudg'd, because she is ouerthrowne.
Nay *Acmar* stay not, who truth enuirones
With circumstance of mans failing wit,
For feare, for loue, for hope, for malice erreth,
Nature to Natures bankrupts he engageth.
And while none dare shew kings they go amisse,
Euen base obedience their corruption is:
Then feare, dwell with the lye, Truth is assured,
Opinion be, and raigne with Princes Fortunes;
Pollicy go peere the faults of mortall king domes:
Death, threaten them that doubt to dye for euer.
I first am natures subiect, then my Princes,
I will not serue to innocencies ruine.
Whose heauen is earth, let them beleue in princes,
My God is not the God of subtile murder,
Solyman shall know the worst, I looke no further.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Enter Solyman and Acmar.

Soly. *Acmar*, foolish naturall affection
Openeth too late the wisdom of my fathers,
Who onely in their deaths decreed succession:
If *Mustapha* had neuer bene intitled
In my life, to the hope of my estate,
My life, more then my death had him auailed,
Example might haue bene perswasion,
That high desires are borne out of occasion:

Where

D

But

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

But kindnesse with her owne kinde folly beaten,
Like crooked sticks made straight with over-bending,
What she hath strooke too much must over-threaten,
Hath kings lone taught kings raiguing giue offences,
That long life in the best kings discontenteth,
And false desires within false glasses shewed.
By *Mustaphaes* example learne to know,
Who hewes about his head shall hurt his eye,
Acmet, giue order, *Mustapha* shall die.

Acmet. My fortune doth me witnesse beare,
That my hopes neede not stand vpon succession,
Where hopes want all but onely woe and feare,
Then Lord doubt not my faith though I withstand,
The fearefull counsell which you haue in hand.
Sir I confesse, where one man ruleth all,
There feare and care, are secret keies of witt,
Where all may rise, and one may onely fall,
Their thoughts aspires, and power must master it.
For worlds repine at those whome birth or chance
Above all men, and but a man aduante,
I know where easie hopes, doe nurse desire,
The dead men onely of the wise are trusted,
And though crook'd feare do seldome rightly measure,
As thinking all things, but it selfe dissembled,
Yet *Solyman* let feare direct kings counsels,
But feare not destinies which doe not altar,
Nor things impossible which cannot happen,
Feare false Stepmothers rage, woman ambition
Whereof each age to other is a glasse,
Feare them that feare not for desire, to shame,
And loose their faiths, to bring their wills to passe,
Establish *Bassaes*, children for your heyres,
Let *Mustaphaes* hopes faile, translate his right,
Let their ambitious thirst once glutted be,
Streight enuie dies: feare will appeare no more,
For as ill men but in felicitie,

Where

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

(Where enuie feares and freedome sleeps) seeme good
So heyres to crownes, tenants to miserie,
Their good is but in ill lucke vnderstood,
But Sir put of this charme of cunning spight,
Which makes you to your selfe inuisible:
Make it not knowne deere Lord, by your example
That onely Envy, furie and suspition,
In euery kinde and state keepe their condition;
If *Mustapha* haue one fault but his mother
If else where then in her heart he be guiltie,
Let those deafe heauens which punnish and forgiue not,
Let hels most plagues vnto her best beloued,
Mallice and rage, which without mischief liues not,
Thunder torment burne ruine and destroy mee,
If *Mustapha* haue one thought to annoy thee.

Solim. Mallice is like the lightning of the sommer,
Which when the skies are clearest, lights and burneth
Her end is to doe hurt and not to threaten,
Iustice vniustly doth to loose occasion,
Hazards it selfe, to force and to perswasion.

Acmet. Sir, hastie power is like the rage of thunder,
Whose violence is seldome well bestowed:
Danger not ment, needs not to be prevented,
Reuenge still in your power is not repented.

Solim. Danger already come is past preventing,
Princes whose Scepters must be feard of many,
Are neuer safe that liue in feare of any.

Acmet. Tirants they are that punnish out offeare.
States wiser then the truth decline and weare,
Wisedome in man is but the print and doubt,
Whoseinke is either blood, secrets of states,
Which safely walls with gouernment about.

Solim. In princes dangers iustice euer goes,
Before the fact, that all els overthrowes.
Besides my Bassaes in whose faith I trust,
As staies to mine estate, with one consent,

The Tragedie of Aluſapha. Act I

Shew my ſonnes fault and vrge me to be iuſt,
Thy ſelfe alone, per chance with good intent
Art crosse, wiſedome is not faiths Relatiue:
For oftentimes faith growes for lacke of wit
And ſees no perill, till he feelles of it.

Acmaſ. Doubt wounds within.

For as in kings when feare to kill hath might,
Both wrong and danger muſt be infinite,
And Sir, we Baſlaes, whom you Monarches pleaſe
To heare, much further are from princely hearts
Then eares, for fauour growes the ſtates diſeaſe,
When more then ſerunce it to vs imparts.

Baſe blood hath narrow thoughts, which ſet aboue
Sees more of greatneſſe then it comprehends,
And for all is not to our partiall ends,
We ſaile kings with themſelues, we take their might,
And vſe to our reuenge: make lawes a ſnare,
To ruine all, but instruments our friends
Till kings euen let in leaſe to two or three
Are made of vs the ——— to behold their right.

Euen ſaue of kings eſtate a miſerie,
We Baſlaes that do diſtribute at wil,
And for that we the beſt men riſing feare
With bruit and ſeemour good deſert we kill.
This faſhion and not *Aluſapha's* offence,
Hath had an ambuſh to intrap your loue.

But Sir awake, a kings iuſt fauorite
Is truth.

All broken wayes not borne of faith but will,
Do but hale danger while that multiplies.

Where there is cauſe of doubt, lawes do provide
Reſtraint of liberty, where force of ſpight
Lies in the liuing dead, till it be tried.

Where kings too oft vſe their prerogatiue
The people do forbear, but not forgive.
My Lord, the ſtate delayes are wiſedome, where

Time

The Tragedy of Mustapha.

Time may more easie wayes to safety shew.
Selfe murder is an vgly worke of feare
And little lesle is childrens ouerthrowes.
For truths sake spare your sonne, and pardon him,
Mens wit and duty oft haue diuerse wayes,
Dury with truth which doth with strength agree
Dury of honour striueth wit to please,
Who stands alone in Councels of estate,
Where kings themselves euen with aduise see feares,
Stands on the headlong step of death and harte;
For good lucke enuie, all lucke hazzard beares;
For fashions that affect to seeme vpriht,
To hide their faulrs must overthrow the right.
Sir, *Mustapha* is yours, moreover he
Is not, for whom you *Mustapha* overthrow,
Suspition common to successions be,
Honour and feare euer together go.
Who must kill all they feare, feare all they see:
Your subiects, sonnes, nor neighbourhood can beare;
So infinite the limits be of feare.

Soly. *Acma* no more, mischance doth oft o'rethoote
All vnder kings desires without all feare,
Your Bassaes know, for mischiefe seekes the roote,
Not boughes, which but the fruit of grear nesse beare.
Mercy and truth are wisdomes popular,
And like the raine which doth enrich the ground,
They spend the clouds of which they owned are.
Princes estates haue this one misery,
That though the men and reasons both be plaine,
They're vnbeleeu'd, while Princes are villaine.
If thy care be of me, enough is sayd,
Go waite my pleasure, which shall be obeyd.

The Tragedy of Mustapha.

Actus tertius, Scena tertia.

Enter Solyman, Belierby nimius.

Bel. If you will *Rossa* see alive
You must make hast.

Soly. Fortune, hast thou not molds enough of sorrow,
Must thou yet these of loue and kindnesse borrow?
Yet tel me, whence grew *Rosses* passion?

Bel. When hither I from *Mustapha* returned,

And had made you account of my Commission,

Rossa, whose heart in care of your health burned,

Curiously after *Mustapha* enquiring,

A token spies, which I from hence did beare

For *Mustapha* by sweete *Camena* wrought

(Yet gaue it not, for I began to feare,

And something more then kindnes in it thought)

No sooner she beheld this pretious guift,

But as intrag'd, hands on her selfe she layd

From me as one that from her selfe would lift

She runnes, nor till she found *Camena* stayes.

I follow and heare, both their voyces high,

The one as doing, the other as suffering paine,

But whether your *Camena* liue or die,

Or dead, if she by rage or guilt be slaine.

If she made *Rossa* mad, or *Rossa* mad

To hurt things deereft to her selfe be glad.

Or where the bounds of vnbound rage will stay.

If one or both, or which is made away

I know not, but O *Solyman* make hast,

Actus tertius Scena quarta.

Enter Rossa and Solyman.

Rossa. What am I not my owne, who then dare let me
From doing with my selfe what my selfe listeth?
Nature hath lied : she saith, life vnto many

May

The Tragedie of Iudasapha.

May be denied, but not death vnto any.

Come death, art thou afraid of me, that beare
All wickednes, by which you caused were.

Soliman stand from me, I am not thy *Rossa*:

But one that death, the diuell and hell do flie,

Yet vnto death, the diuel, and hell do hie.

Sely. What fury is the God of this strange spirit?

Rossa, how art thou lost, or how transformd?

Leaue it to me, or take or leaue thy breath,

And shew thy fault, thy fault shall giue thee death.

Rossa. That were to loose the benefit of death.

Selym. Then liue,

Ross. That is the cruelty of death.

Sely. Then tell and die,

Ross. Nay tell and liue, a worthy death.

To her that so had lost the good of death.

Selym. What should be counsell to the mariage bed,

Rossa. All things, vnworthy of the mariage bed.

Selym. Yet tell me for my loue, I long to know.

Rossa. For loue, I keep what loue would feare to know,

Sely. Ignorance is dangerous and euer feares.

Ross. Ignorance is dangerous and cannot feare.

Sely. Yet tell me, I am Prince, I do command,

Ross. Kings long to heare, and hate what they haue herad.

Good sir, let it be lawfull to say nothing.

And lesse of kings men can desire nothing.

Sely. Then liue, and let this multiplie thy anguish,

That all diseases of my mind and stare,

Iniuries of loue, contempts and wounds of fauours,

Treachery, aspiring, death, suspicious ruine,

Consul ted are by thee to make me languish,

Thou guidest me and my fortune vnto error.

Rossa. O *Soliman*, of grace let me say nothing:

For if I speake, thy neuer failing iustice,

Must force thee to take vengeance of offences.

In odious facts, the solemne forme of death,

Melis.

The Tragedie of Mustapha

Melts humane powers: great states to get compassion,
For mankind when it sees man loose his breath,
Their harts not vnto truth but pittie, fashion
And death well borne shall make a wicked spirit
Stir pittie vp to make the law seeme might,
Let these wilde hands, to this wilde hart be cruell,
Selfe death, which gods abhorre, is fit for reason,
Mercie, by ill successe, seemes lacke of reason.

Solim. Yet speake, for one of mischiefs plagues is shame.

Rossa. You Gods, that govern these star-bearing heavens,
Whose onely motion rules the moouing Seas,
And thou still changing glory of the darknes,
Whose growing hornes and ensignes, of his Empire,
Beare witnes with me, neither truth nor kindnesse,
Shame, nor remorse, desire to doe things honest,
Delight of others good, nor feare of mischiefe,
Duty to God or man, but onely glorie,
The badge which BUILT giues, doth set this storie,
Your daughter, in whom you and I had blisse,
By these imbrued fingers murdered is.

Solim. What faule would not a mothers loue forgive,

Rossa. The faule she made was that she let me liue,
For knowing she conspired her fathers death,
By whom I hold my honor, she her breath,
How could she thinke I could her crime forgive?

Sol. What cause had she to thinke so vile a thought?
Or by whom could she thinke to haue it wrought?

Rossa. Mischiefe it selfe, is cause of mischiefe done,
Whome should she feare to winne, when she had woon
Vnto this mischiefe *Mustapha* thy sonne.

Solim. Did she confesse, or who did her accuse,

Ro. This Guidon with her own hand, wrought and sent,
Beares perfect record what was her intent.

Solim. Expound what was the meaning of this work
Vnder whose art, the acts of mischiefe lurke,

Rossa. The clouds, they be the house of ialousie,

Which

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Which fire and water both within them beares.
Where good shewes lesse, ill greater then they bee,
There *Saturne* feeds on children that be his.
A fatall winding sheere, succession is.
This pleasing horror of our turnd delight
Doth figure forth the Tyrannie of feare,
Where truth lies bound, and nature looseth right,
Poore innocencie, vainely spending breath
To plead, where nothing is of trust but death
Malice heere aged lies in doublenesse,
Blowing out' ruinour from her narrow breast,
To spread abroad with infinite successe,
The visions and opinions of vnrest:
Eating the hearts wherein they harboured bee,
Like wormes in wood, whose holes men onely see.
These precious hills where daintinesse seemes wast,
By natures art, that all art will exceede,
In carelesse finenesse, shews the sweet estate,
Of strength and prudence both together plac't,
Two intercessors reconciling hate,
And giuing feare euer of it selfe a taste,
These waues that beat vpon the cliftes doe shew,
The cruell stormes, which Enuie hath below,
This border round about in Charact hath
The minde of all: which in effect is this,
Tis hard to know, but hard and harder too,
VVhen men doe know, to bring their hearts to doe.
Soly. VVhat said she, when you shewed her this worke?
Ro. Like them which are descryed, & faine would lurke:
So while she would haue made her selfe seeme cleere,
She made her faults still more and more appeere.
Soly. How brookt she that, the wicked onely feare?
Her death I meane, with what heart did she beare?
The wicked hearts are plac't farre from their voice.
Ro. As whē they mourne, you would think they reioice.

E

She

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

She neuer mourn'd, nor sigh'd, nor was afraid,
But this vnto me, ere she died, she said.
Mother, I am your owne, by mothers right
You may cut of my life, which you did giue,
Might and a mothers name, will you acquite,
If in your owne selfe, you your selfe forgieue:
But *Mustapha*, his death will be his shame
To father, mother, and the Turkish race:
For reuerence vnto a fathers name,
Hath brought him, guiltlesse, to this guiltie case.
He neuer sought, nor wish't his fathers death,
And in that minde I liu'd, and leaue my breath.
She neither stubborne was, nor yet deprest,
She, but for his life, neuer made request:
As though his wounds, had onely beene her owne.
Such Lordship had false glorie in her breast,
As she tooke ioy to haue her mischiefe knowne.
Yet had she this against myne owne selfe done,
My selfe against my selfe she should haue wonne,
Solyman take heede, dispaire hath bloody heeles:
Malice, wound vp like clocks to watch the Sunne,
Hasting a headlong course with many wheeles,
Hath neuer done, vntill it hath vndone.
I slew my child, my child would haue slaine thee,
All bloody faults, in my blood written bee.
Sol. What hills hath nature rais'd about the fiere
What state beyond them is, that will conspire?
I swear by all the Saints, my sonne shall die,
Reuenge is iustice and no crueltie.

Actus

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Actus tertius Scena quinta.

Enter Priest & Mustapha.

Pr. False *Mahomet*, thy lawes Monarchall are,
Vniust, ambitious, full of spoile and blood,
Hauing not of the best but greatest care
To whome still thou dost sacrifice thy good,
Must life yeeld vp it selfe to be put out,
Before this frame of nature be denied?
Must blood the tribute be of princes doubt
O wretched flesh in which must be obaid,
Gods lawes, that wills impossibilities:
And princes willes, which worke in crueltie,
With faich (an art borne of false Prophets word)
Wee blind our selues, and with our selues the rest,
To humblenesse, the sheath of tyrants sword,
Each, worst vnto himselfe approving best.
People, beleue in God, wee are vntrue,
Spirituell forges vnto princes might,
God doth require, what's onely best for you;
But we doe preach, your bodies to the warre,
Your goods to spoile, your freedome into bands,
(duties by which you aw'de of others are)
And feare which to your harmes doth lead your hands:
Who preach, that God, who made all flesh alike,
Bids you lay downe your necks for kings to strike.
I am the diuels friend, Hells Mediatour,
Truths spight, ruines hand, and sinnes occasion,
A furie vnto man, a man to furies.
Oh vertue, if thou any where haue essence
But in sweet *Mustapha*, whome I haue ruind;
And you faire-orderly-confused Planets,
If you be more then ornaments in heauen,
And that you worke in destinies of the mortall,

Shew vs, that destinies be not confus'd,
Not euill to the good, good to the euill,
Confusion is the iustice of the diuell.
Sauc *Musapha*, fates course well changed is,
Where constancie leades her to doe amisse:
Change or turne backe your course, let *Asia* know,
That earth doth hatch her owne ill destinie,
Which in aspects the starres but onely shew,
Lay forth the hatefull vilde conspiracie,
Wherein this tyrant meanes to ouerthrow
His sonne, the hope of all humanitie.
In *Musapha* with influence worke so,
As he is full: and strength at once may see,
Whom, monster, I, haue hither made to come,
Guiltlesse through guiltie feare to take his doome,
Now hell and paine, if you else where be seated,
Then ——— absence and my presence.

Call me againe in hast to come vnto you,
If worse I be not with my selfe, then with you,
Must. Whence grows this sudaine rage, thy gesture vtters,
These agonies, and furious blasphemies?
Is rage become the Lord of humane reason;
For rage doth shew, that reason is defaced,
When rage thus shews it selfe with reason graced.

Priest. If thou hast felt thy selfe, accusing warre,
Where knowledge is, the endlesse hell of thought,
Where hope and feare in equall ballance are,
My share of minde is by the feeling taught:
For what dispaire the conscience doth feare,
My wounds bleed euer, for remorse they beare.

Must. Remorse and pride in nature opposites,
The one makes error great, the other small,
But rooted ill brings no remorse with it,
Iudge not thy selfe with troubled will at all:
But shew thy hart: when passions streames breake forth:
Euen woes we wondred at, proue nothing worth.

Priest.

The Tragedie of *Mustapha*

Pr. I haue offended nature, God, and thee,
My hart and soule, the seates of mischiefe bee.

Musta. Of God, his mercy is the greatest power,
Nature is sweet, her wounds keale vp againe:
For me, tell how, and teach me to forgiue,
Which, he that cannot doe, knows not to liue.

Pr. Forgiuenes is, to take away the cause,
It forceth God to plague, or breake his lawes.

Musta. Forgiuenes is, to put away the wrongs,
At least, so much as to my selfe belongs.

Pr. It is a praise to pardon, it is true,
But keepe me rather from vndoing you.

Musta. What should I doe? tell me, I doe not feare.

Pr. Preserve thy father with thy selfe and mee,
Else guiltie of each others death we be.

Musta. Tell how.

Pr. Thy father purposeth thy death,
I did aduise thou offredst vp thy breath.

Musta. What haue I to my father done amisse?

Pr. That wicked *Rossa* thy stepmother is.

Musta. Wherein of *Rossa*, haue I ill deserved?

Pr. In that the Empire is for thee preserved:

Musta. I cannot choose but be my fathers sonne,

As bold ambition, which like water-flouds,

Not channell-bound, doth neighbours ouer-runne,

And growest nothing, when thy rage is done.

Is vertue bought and sold for loue of good?

Must *Zanger* rising from my fall be wonne?

Poore *Zanger* I acquite thee of my blood:

For I beleue thy hart hath no impression

To ruine *Mustapha* of his possession,

Yet tell what they against me vse,

My fathers loue which way first did they wound?

Pr. Of treason towards him they thee accuse,

Thy fame and greatnes giues their malice ground.

Musta. Good world, where it is danger to be good,

The Tragedy of Mustapha.

Where guilty people shall liue in good name,
The guiltlesse onely, liue and die in shame:
Shew me the truth, to what lawes am I bound?
Priest. No man commanded is by God to die,
As long as he may persecution flie.
Must. To flie, were to condemne my selfe and friends
To honour those, that would dishonor me:
To ruine those, that should my succour be,
Death do thy worst, thy longest paines haue end,
Besides, where can man hide those coward feares,
But feares and hopes of powers will them reueale?
For kings haue many tongues and many cares,
Mischiefe is like the Cockatrice eyes;
Sees first and kills, or is scene first and dies.
He that himselfe defending, doth offend,
Breakes not the law, nor needs not be forgiven.
Duty doth end, when kings do go astray,
Mifguided by their owne or others will;
For disobedience is, when it doth light
To hurt, but duty, when vs'd as a presse,
It sets a princes crooked humors right.
Priest. Vse not thy strength to shed thy fathers blood,
But vse thy strength to do thy father good.
Rossa, while she attends to ruine thee,
Makes *Soliman* against his state to sinne.
Take armes against her, do thy father free,
Translating heires doth oft bring ruine in,
And since euen vice, by good successe, seemes good,
Good fortune will make vertue vnderstood.
Must. O false and wicked colours of desire,
Eternall bondage vnto him, that seekes
To be possesst of all things that he likes.
Shall I, a sonne and subiect, seeme to dare
For Princes sake to set the realme on fire?
Which golden titles to rebellion are,
It is not feare of death, which ioyes to dye,

They

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

They feare death, that from death to mischief flie,
If I be kild, I do not ill, but suffer,
It is no paine to die, for children do it,
It is no grace to liue, the wicked haue it:
Let children cry, and slaues do ill for feare,
Death is not strange to men, why then repine we?
Death is offorce to man, to what end stroue we?
Obedience goes vpright, the stubborn fall,
God burnes his rods, but we must suffer all.
Euen you haue told me, wealth was giuen
The wicked, to corrupt themselues and others.
Greatnesse and health do make flesh proud and cruell,
Where with the good, sicknesse mowes downe desire,
Death glorifies, misfortune humbles,
Sorrow seekes peace of God, sinne yeelds repentance:
Since therefore life is but the throne of danger,
Where sicknes, paine, desire, and feare inherit,
Soonest escapt from him, that holds it dearest,
Euen of men the least worth, the most beloued,
A double death to them that hold it so,
And hauing nothing else must it forgo:
Should I, that know the destinie of life,
Do that, to liue, that doth dishonor life?
My innocency bids me not to feare,
My loue and duty for a father looke:
Worthines he shewes, that can misfortune beare,
The heart doth iudge of vertue, not the booke:
I know my strength and in my strength resolute,
To do that, wicked men may thinke me weake,
And now that all the world knowes I might liue,
That power vnto my father I freely giue.
Priest. Wilt thou both kill thy selfe, and be the cause
Thy father may offend Gods holy lawes:
The world knowes cowards kill themselues for feare,
First let thy father know he doth thee wrong.
They often bide death, that cannot danger bide,

And

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

And in these duties afterwards be strong.

Must. Tempt me no more, good will is then a paine,

When her words beat the heart, and cannot enter,

I constant in my counsell doe remaine,

And more liues for my life will not aduenture.

Deere *Rossa* doe thou for my sake still liue,

By thee my father may repent my fall,

When thy heart of my truth shall witness giue:

Stay thou, till time and destinie doe call,

Warne *Acmat* and *Camens* they aduise,

Least they like rage that doth her owne selfe beate,

Seeking to helpe, or to preuent my fall,

Ruine themselves, while they for me intreat.

My life in your liues I shall thinke preserved,

When you know, I haue worse then I deserued.

Come let vs goe, for kindnesse doth betray,

The heart, that firmly on it selle doth stay.

Chorus Tartarorum.

Religion, thou vaine and glorious stile for weaknesse,

Sprung from the deepe disquiet of mans passion,

To dissolution and dispaire of nature:

The text brings princes titles into question,

Thy prophets set on worke, the sword of Tyrants,

They manacle sweet truth with their subtractions,

Let vertue bleed, teach cruelty for Gods sake,

Fashioning one God, but him of many fashions,

Like many beaded errors in their passions:

Mankinde, trust not this dreame, Religion,

Feares, Idols, pleasures, reliques, sorrowes, treasures,

She makes the wisfull hearts her onely pleasures,

The rebels vnto gouernment, her Martyrs temples.

No no, thou child of miracles begotten,

Miracles, that are but ignorance of causes.
Lift vp the hopes of thy abiected Prophets,
Religion, worth abiures thy painted heavens,
Sicknesthy blessings are, miserie thy tryall,
Nothing thy way vnto eternall being,
Death to saluation, and the graue to heauen,
So blest be they, so angel'd, so eterniz'd,
That tie their senses to thy senselesse glories,
And die, to cloy the after-age with stories.
Man should make much of life, as nature stable,
Wherein she writ the cipher of her glory.
For sake not Nature, nor mis-vnderstand her,
Her mysteries are read without faiths eye-sight,
She speaketh in our flesh, and from our senses
Deliuers downe her wisdom to our reason,
If any man would breake her lawes, to kill,
Nature doth for defence allow offence,
She neither taught the father to destroy,
Nor promis'd any man by dying ioy.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. I.

Zanger alone.

Nourisht in Courts, where no thoughts peace is nourisht,
Vs'd to behold the Tragedie of ruine,
Ruine, from whome all Monarchies haue florisht,
Brought vp with feares, with fellow Princes fortune;
Yet am I like him that hath lost his knowledge,
Or neuer heard one storie, but of misfortune.
My heart doth fall away, fearefull vpon me.
Tame Rumor, that hath bin mine old acquaintance,
Is to me now like Monsters, fear'd and wondred,
My loue begins to plague me with suspicion,
My first delights beare likenes of displeasure.
My mothers promises of my aduancement,
Her doubtfull speeches, her vnquiet motions,
Make me grow iealous of my owne aduancement.

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

The name of *Mustapha* so often murmured,
With whose name euer I haue been reioyced;
Now makes my heart misgiue, my spirit languish;
Man then is *Augur* of his owne misfortune,
When his ioy yeldes him arguments of anguish.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA II.

Acma. Zanger.

Acma. O Kings, why swell you so against your maker?
Is rais'd equality so soone growne wilde?
Dare you deprive your people of succession,
Which kings and kingdomes on their heades did build?
Is fortune of forgetfulness with child?
Haue feare or loue, in greatnes no impression,
Since people, who did raise you to the crowne,
Are ladders, standing still to let you downe?
O wretched state of man, in Tyrants fauour,
Like men throwne vpon sands in ebbing water:
Dead if they trust, and stay drown'd if they venture.

Zan. *Acma*, what strange euents breed these strange passions?

Acma. Nature is ruin'd, humanity fallen asunder,
Our Alchoran prophand, Empire defac'd,
Hell's broken loose, truth dead, hope banished,
Darke feare and sorrow, doe both strike and threaten:
My heart is full, my voice doth faint and tremble.
Zang. Yet tell the worst, for cowards death vnarmeth,
When need resolues vs to endure all terror:
And sorrowes vitered are like wines, which vented
Both purge themselves, and doe not breake the vessel,
By counsell and comparison things lessen.

Acma. No counsell or comparison can lessen
The losse of *Mustapha*, so vildly murdered.

Zan. How? dead? what chance or malice hath prevented
Mankinds good fortune?

Acma. Fathers vnkindly malice.

Zan. Tell how.

Acma.

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Actm. When *Solyman* by *Rossens* cunning spight
And *Rosses* witchcraft, from his heart had banisht
Iustice of Kings, and louingnes of father,;
To wage and lodge such campes of heauy passions,
As cunning stepdames iealousie could gather;
Enuy tooke hold of worth, doubt did misconster,
Renowne was made a lie, and yet a terrour;
Nothing could rage remoue, or moue compassion;
Mustapha must die; to which end fetcht he was,
Loden with hopes and promises of fauour:
But *Mustapha* neither hoped nor feared,
Perchance, foresaw the stormes of danger comming;
Yet comes, and comes accompanied with power;
But neither power that warranted his hast,
Nor selfe-defence, that makes offences lawfull,
Could hold him from obedience to his father.

So foolish to the world is honest Wisedome.

Zang. Alas, could neither truth appease his fury,
Nor his vnlook't humility of comming,
Nor any secret witnesssing remorses?
Can Nature from her selfe worke such diuorces?
Tell on, that all the world may rue and wonder.

Actm. There is a place enuiroped with trees,
Vpon whose shadowed center, there is pitched
A large imbrodered sumptuous Pavilion,
The stately throne of tyranny and murder;
Where mighty men (whome fearefull murder feares)
With cruelty are slaine, before they know
That they to other then to honor goe;
Mustapha vnto the Campe no sooner came,
But thether he is sent for, and conducted
By fixe slow Eunuches, either taught to colour
Mischiefe with reuenge, or taught by nature
To reuerence euery vertue in misfortune,
But *Mustapha*, whose heart was now resolu'd,
Not fearing death, which he might haue preuented,
If he to disobedience had consented:
Nor crauing life, which he might well haue gotten,

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

If he would other duties haue forgotten;
But glad to speake his last thought to his father,
He will'd the Eunuches to entreate it for him;
They did, they wept, and kneel'd vnto his father:
But bloody rage, that glories to be cruell,
And ieaiousie, that feares she is not fearefull,
Made *Solyman* refuse to heare or pittie.
He bids them haue their charge; and bloody ey'd,
Beheld his sonne while he obeying died.

Zang. How did that dying heart endure to suffer,
Tell on:

Quicken my spirits, hard and dull to good,
That yet ———— heare tell of brothers blood,

Act. While these sixe Eunuches to this charge appointed,

Whose hearts had neuer vs'd their hands to pittie,
Whose hands were onely now afraid of murder,
With reuerence and feare stood still amazed,
Loath to cut off such worth, afraid to saue it:

Mustapha with thought resolved and vnited,
Assures their feare, and comforteth their sorrow:

Bids them refuse their charge, and looke no further;

Their hearts afraid to bid their hands be doing,

Shaking and trembling, do refuse to offer

The cord, the hatefull instrument of murder:

They lifting vp, let fall, and falling, lift it;

Each sought to helpe, and helping, hindred other,

Till *Mustapha* in haste to be an Angell,

Guided their hands, to his death directed:

Sweetely forgauē their charge, and thank't their loue;

Which he saw in them, did compassion moue;

With heauenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshewing

The ioy and peace of those where he was going.

His last words were: O father now forgieue mee

Those thinges, which thou thy selfe dost thinke offences:

O *Mahomet* my other sinnes forgieue me,

Forgieue them too, that worke my overthrow:

Let my graue neuer minister offences,

For since my father joyeth in my death,

Behold

Behold, with ioy I offer him my breath.
The Eunuches crie, *Solyman*, he is glurtd:
His thoughts diuine of vengeance for his murder:
Rumor flies vp and downe, the people murmur,
Sorrow giues lawes, before men know her story,
Feare propheties in men, and makes them sorry.

Zang. Remisse and languish are mens coward spirits,
Where Gods forbid reuenge and patience too;
Yet to the dead, Nature ordaineth rites,
Which idle loue I feele hath power to doe.
I will goe hence, and shew to them that liue,
The Gods cannot offences all forgieue.

ACTVS IIIII. SCENA III.

Actm. Rossa. Roften.

Actm. What euer craft of base false-hearted wit,
Long working on the worst of Princes thoughts,
May bring to passe, yonder to vs is brought,
—without shame the state corrupt with it.

Rossa. *Actm*, thy sorrow, whether vniust or iust,
Bootes not: duty and faith loues still them that liue,
Noble example bring forth danger must,
The forces of Natolia do giue
Tokens of mutinie vnto the state,
Shewing no reuerence but vnto thee:
Wherefore the great Lord wils you to repaire
To him, for by you they must gouern'd be.

Actm. I goe, and care not, so I go from thee.

Rossa. Let them that cannot heare desires tranaille,
Who dare not vndertake for feare of danger,
Let them take children, fearing spirits,
Runne and beare witnes them, still their owne amazement,
While they flie from themselves, and blame their fortune,
For fortune on thy wisdom complaine,
But they in thee neither hope nor raigne,
Roften, where vertue ends, and reason failes,

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

When dangers threaten, feare makes sharpest warre,
When fame with all her infamies assailes,
Then fortunes fauours shew'd most liuely are;
She neuer helps, till helpe be ouerthrowne,
For heavenly Powers by myracles are knowne.
Now *Mustapha* is dead, rage flesh, and pittie broken,
Rosten, there rests no more to interrupt vs
But *Aemat*, in whome *Solyman* yet trusteth;
The thanks and sacrifices our God requires
For graces past, are not those idle prayers,
Which done to ——— on the staires.
Good lucke, the god of highly plac'd desires,
No other duty, but noble deeds requires.
Let *Aemat* die. Fortune loues them that venture.

Rost. *Aemat* is wise, and *Solyman* beloued;
Euen Tyrants couet to vphold their fame,
Not fearing euill deeds, but euill name.
For Princes skill, is, to make *Greatnes* shew
Rich in the good, whereof it hath least part,
And to conceale that which within they know:
So that at once he will not shed the blood
Of *Aemat*, though he meane his ouerthrow:
Least men should thinke their fauour but a net,
VWhere easie in, but hardly out they get.

Rossa. *Rosten*, let *Mustapha* be thy example,
That Tragedies, are Gods and Princes plaies,
Kings know new hopes, blot out the shame of bookes,
Desires eye on ——— hope onely lookes.
While childrens blood the fathers forehead staine,
What priuiledge for Councillors remaine?
He that hath intent to ruine houses,
Plucks not the timber all at once away,
Least ruines ruine on him selfe he lay.
Fury will haue a time to breathe, from killing;
Fury is a wheele, with ease kept going,
Where it with many hands at first was moued.
Feares shield of prooffe is tramt in others blood,
Good fortune seldome comes by doing good.

Fortune

Ross. Fortune is often by presumption tempted
To turne the backe.

Rossa. Nay fortune harlot-like,
Who thinkes good maner to be want off spirit,
Is dearest vnto those, that vse her rudely,
Onely with humble bashfulnesse is tempted.

Ross. What argument against him?

Rossa. Vile of killing,
Suspition, the fauourite of Princes,
Delight of change, fauours past, and feare of greatnesse,
Sharpened by *Acmat* harsh and open dealing,
With noble Princes libertie would draw,
Into the narrow scope of common awe,
Power of mischance yeelds honour to aduventure.
Mustapha is dead.

Ross. Not dead, while *Acmat* liueth,
Small sparkes from fire quench't to danger growes;
From him that feares to strike, feare neuer parteth;
Let *Acmat* die, and danger is departed.
For *Zanger* I his brothers charge haue gotten;
Yet least his death, not lookt for, might amaze him,
(For youth, and kindnesse, oft doe thinke it glory
At things, done for their profit, to repine)
I will make halle, and giue him from his father
Mustapha's estate, his fortune and succession.
When reason failes, one passion rules another;
Hope and good fortune doe forget a brother.

Rossa. Come *Rossen*, let vs doe, and then consider.

CHORVS.

VVhen will this life this sparke put in our spright,
To giue light to this lumpe of flesh and blood:
Leaue to denie strong destiny her right,
VWhich it feeles daily, cannot be withstood.

Man.

The Tragedie of Mustapha.

Man looke not downe, looke vp into the skie.
There liue thou must, and mai'st be glad to die.

ACTVS. V. SCENA. I.

Achmet alone.

In what Dilemma of mischance stand I,
Vs'd by the subtile Art of wicked gouernment,
To serue a tyrants turne with faith and honestie,
Plac'd ouer men, whome vniust rage doth iustly moue.
I am either in heate of heady mutinie
To die; or scaping by respect, that fastie may
Suspicion to my selfe and honour lay,
Destinie hath shot the shaft and it must light.
To stirre or paine against the streame of fate,
Which mooues from ill deserts, it is too late.
Innocence and faith from safe estates ouerthrow,
For floods of error from authoritie,
The multitude hath easily ouerthrowen,
For when Kings states must ——— and must fall,
Iustice diuides not there, but ruines all.
But looke where *Rossa* comes like Aprill waters,
Both gusts and cleaves in stormie forehead carrying,
Like power, that with it selfe doth feare miscarying.

ACTVS. V. SCENA. II.

Rossa. Chorus. Achmet.

Acm. Who euer thinks by vertue to aspire,
And goodnesse deemes to be good fortunes starre,
Or who by mischief will seeke his desire,
And thinks no Conscience wayes to honour are.
Mustapha, here seeing thee and me,
Sees no man, good or ill, rules destinie.
And would exchange the course of fates by wit,
Which Gods doe make to bring their workes to end)

And

And with it selfe, euen oft doth ruine it:
 A Tyrant fate, to them that doe amisse,
 For nothing left me but my error is.
Chor. VVhat glory is this, that with it selfe is sad?
 Good lucke makes all men, but the guiltie, glad.
Ross. Zanger, for whome *Mustapha* was slaine:
 Zanger, for whome *Camanaes* blood was shed:
 Zanger, for whome all the world on me complain'd,
 Hath done that, which no truth or law could doe,
 Remorce and feares in my distresse hath bred,
 Murtherd himselfe and ouerthrowne me too.
 In every creatures heart there liues desire,
 VVhich men doe follow, as appearing good,
 And Greatnes, men doe thinke it to aspire,
 Although it weaknes be, well vnderstood,
 This vnbound raging infinite thoughts fire
 Iooke, nay it tooke me, and plac'd my heart
 On hopes to alter Empires and Successions,
 And as the sea, when his ambitious power
 Hath oner-run his neighbour element:
 His pride, his rage, his glorie to deuoure,
 Nor can with any greatnes be content,
 Till all the Countrie that lay still before,
 Rise vp, and force him back vnto the shore.
 So when as I had wonne the marriage bed;
 And *Soliman* with himselfe ouercome,
 To breake and lay a sleepe his Prophets law,
 By being only of desire in awe;
 Error, of selfe harme euer brought a bed,
 Made me this wheele of misfortune drawe,
 Daunger was sport, mischief desires art;
 Nothing seemd hard, but to leaue this impression
 I *Mustapha* his fall did vndertake,
 And like the stormes that ——— doe blow,
 VVhen all things, but themselves, they ouerthrow,
 Hatefull I did him to his father make,
 But as desires on diuers things are plac'd,
 So; diuers works.

For foules, like senses, haue a diuers taste,
 There be birds of the day, and of the night,
 No laws can make one will to be embract,
 The daughters heart will make the mother spight;
Camenas thoughts were soft, her good was forth,
 She but with others loue, though nothing worth,
 To *Mustapha*, she opens mine intent,
 For she had tried, but could not turne my heart;
 Yet she no hurt to me, in telling ment,
 Yet hurt she did me, to disclose my arts;
 I sought reuenge, reuenge it could not be,
 For I confesse, she neuer wronged me.
 But as the Christian, when she sees her child
 Puld by the great-Lords-men from mothers breast;
 Though she do know, it will him honor yeeld;
 Yet for her fathers sake, her soule cannot rest.
 So though I know *Camenas* heart was good,
 Yet I did earne to haue my will withstood,
 Remorce, which hath affection in each heart;
 Since whose reason is, but what they see,
 Womanish loue and shame with feare tooke part,
 They all conspir'd to haue commanded me;
 Humble patience voide of feare and art,
Camenas onely strength and weapons be;
 I kild her, yet confesse I did her loue,
 Furies of choice what arguments can moue,
 I kild her, for a thonght her death would proue,
 That truth, not hate made *Mustapha* suspected;
 The more it seem'd against a mothers loue,
 The more it shew'd I *Solyman* affected:
 Thus vnderneath seuer and ypright dealing,
 A mischieuous step-mothers malice stealing,
 It tooke effect; for few meane ill in vaine;
 He died infamous, though he guiltles were;
 High power hath truth tied vnder lawes of feare;
 I liue selfe-guilty, and who durst complaine,
 So little care the Gods for me below,
 So little men feare, God they do not know.

This *Mustapha*, whose death I made my glory,
 Hath spoiled all my power, but power to be sorry,
 For *Zanger*, when he saw his brother dead,
 Confusedly with diuers shapes distract,
 He silent stood, horrors darke cloudes possesse him,
 Madnes was mixt with woe, kindnes with ———
 Racke, reuerence, reuenge, both representing shame,
 Stood equally against, and with a mothers name:
 But as these shadowes from his heart withdrew,
 That light became restored to his mind,
 The globes of his enraged cares he threw
 On me, like nature iustly made vnkind,
 Vertue bare secret witnes he was true,
 Remorce did then make me my error find,
 Finde Lo. this hatefull ——— loue did make,
 From pittie woe ——— he spake.
 Mother, is this ——— heart?
 Is there nor Law ——— your desire?
 Can neither power nor goodnesse scape your art?
 Be these the Counsels, by which you aspire?
 Doth mischief onely, feare no overthwart?
 Is there no Hell, nor doe the Devils loue fire?
 If neither God, Heauen, Hell, nor Deuill bee,
 'Tis plague enough that I am borne of thee.
 Mother, (O monstrous name) shall it be said,
 That thou hast done this fact for *Zangers* sake?
 Honour and life shall they to me vpbraide;
 That from thy mischief they their glory take.
 O wretched men that vnder shame are laid,
 For sinnes that we, and sinnes our parents make.
 Yet *Rossa*, to be thine in this I glorie,
 That being thine gives power to make thee sorie.
 He wounds his heart and downe with death he falls
 On *Mustapha*, who there for his fakedied,
 Fame with his breath he wils on him to call,
 Forgetfulnesse he would should me betide.
 ——— For the dead and mercie for vs all
 And with these words, for mercie died,

Thy goodnesse I mis-vnderstood,
Shunning ill, did worke to shed my blood,
He dies.

VVoe is me when in my _____ looke,
Horror I see all their lost but _____

My loue I ioy become _____ booke,
Eternitie of shame is printed there.

Thinke of God, Alas that so I might
Madnesse onely natures peace.

VVith thy selfe, though all else thou displease,
Made to giue light spirits ease,

VVhat shall I doe,

Desunt pauca,

FINIS.



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